strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen in their new fustion, the white stockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master and mistris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listning: now I begin. Inprimis we came downe a foule hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fell, and she vnder her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse vpon her, how he beate me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to the graue.

Cur. By this reckning he more shrew than she.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniell, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugersop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue seruingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ios. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—Cockes passion, silence, I heere my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? what no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?
Where is *Nathaniell, Gregory, Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vnpolisht groomes:
What? no attendants? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peazant, swaine, you horson malt-horse drudge
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascall knaues with thee?

Gru. *Grumio. Nathaniels* coat sir was not fully made,
And *Gabriels* pumpes, were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,